Judge

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Judge

Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Ave., New York. Cable Address, "Judgark." Tel. 6632 Madison Square.
JOHN A. SLEICHER, President. F. W. Schneider, Secretary. Arthur Terry, Treasurer.
WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE—*1130-7 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill*
James M. Lee, Managing Editor. Grant F. Hamilton, Art Editor.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 10 CENTS A COPY.

One year, or 52 numbers	$5.00
Six months, or 26 numbers	2.50
Thirteen weeks	1.25

Subscriptions payable in advance by draft on New York, or by express or postal order, *not by local checks which are at a discount in New York City.*

Postage free in the United States, its dependencies, and Mexico. To Canadian Provinces add 52 cents a year for postage; to all foreign countries add $1.00 a year.

EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS—*International News Company, Bream's building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London; Brentano's, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, Mainz, Germany.*

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BACK NUMBERS: Present year, 10 cents per copy; 1908, 20 cents; 1907, 30 cents, etc.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of JUDGE will reach any new subscriber.

PEN-POINTS.

PRESIDENT TAFT is to be congratulated on the stand he has taken regarding the delays in American courts. With all due respect to associates on the bench, JUDGE has long maintained that there was too much red tape and too many unnecessary delays before decisions were reached. Especially does the poor man suffer because of court delays.

. . .

Recent events have demonstrated that a fool and his money can make a lot of trouble for a community before the parting finally takes place.

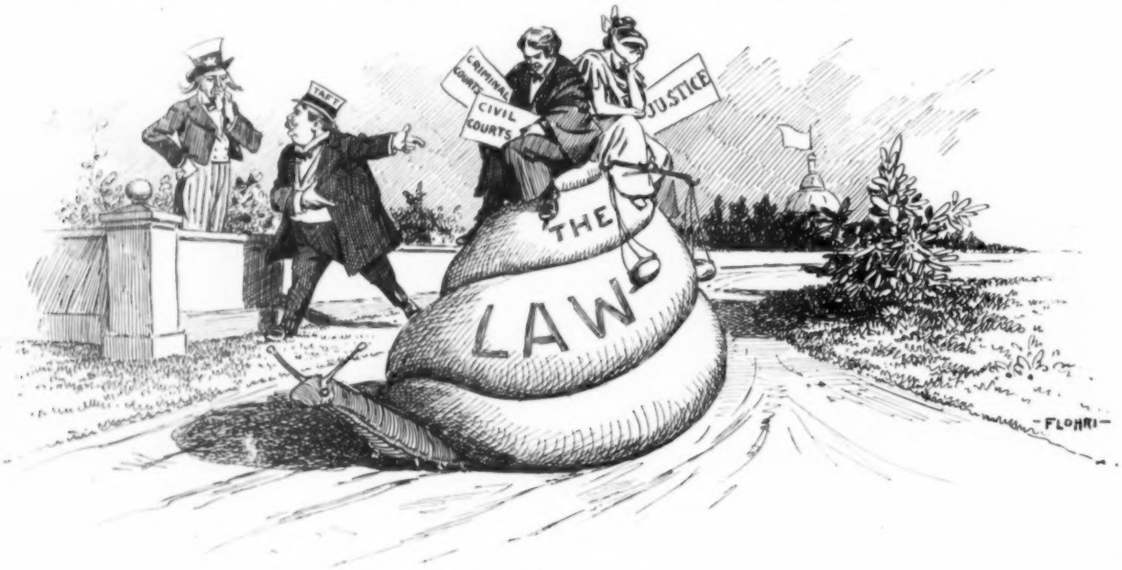
. . .

First it was a horse that a lady could drive; now it is an automobile that a lady can run; soon it will be an aeroplane that will be safe in feminine hands.

THE COLLEGE STUDENT AGAIN.

A RECENT article in the New York *Independent* is entitled, "Some College Spelling." It seems that a Ph. D. at Yale took some essays submitted to him in connection with the regular college work and found, so to speak, that the first man to sit down in a spelling match would be the college chap. Some time ago this same paper showed the astonishing ignorance of the college man about the Bible, basing its facts upon an examination of certain papers in a Western university in which students were asked to explain certain biblical allusions in passages taken from Tennyson. These "stunts" played by college professors upon their unsuspecting students are very interesting, but are not to be taken too seriously. A reporter on a metropolitan paper once attended a convention of astronomers. By way of amusement he interviewed the men of science on the reasons why the earth is supposed to be round. Not a man present could give a reason beyond the fact that men had sailed around the earth—many could not even think of this. An examination of an eighth grade in any grammar school would have showed better results. At a gathering of ministers a prize was offered to every one who could quote correctly the first verse in the Bible. The prizes went unawarded. Invariably the ministers wrote "the heavens" instead of "the heaven." Such experiments as have been mentioned above are very interesting and amusing, but they must not be taken too seriously. Because of their popularity JUDGE may make a few experiments for the entertainment of his readers.

"A PERFECTLY CORKING GOOD TIME."



A NEEDED REFORM.

President Taft (to Uncle Sam)—"You must make it move faster. The courts are too slow in granting justice."

"WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?"

A CRITERION.

A PHYSICIAN, at a recent meeting of the College of Physicians, in Philadelphia, told a story illustrating the witty comprehension of a patient of Irish nativity. The physician declared that one of his patients, an Irishman, could not understand why, if one of his arms refused to perform its usual functions, the other should remain normal.

"It is the balancing power of nature," explained the physician. "If a man is blind in one eye, nature generally provides additional strength for the remaining eye. When deafness is discovered in one ear, the hearing of the other ear becomes unusually acute."

"Now thot you mention it, Oi belave 'tis so," said the patient. "Whin a mon has wan short leg, th' other leg is generally longer."

A TIP TO TIP-GRABBERS.

A TIPSY waiter claimed a tip,
Whom I had tipped before;
He came to claim another tip,
And so I tipped him o'er.

DIDN'T HIT HER.

"MY MA makes me wheel this baby around all afternoon and I don't like it!" declared the poorly dressed little caretaker to the inquisitive lady who accosted her in the park.

"I guess I see where the shoe pinches," said the lady, observing a group of other little girls playing games a little way off.

"You don't neither; I don't wear no shoes!"

GIRLS are naturally affectionate. They all like to hug the twenty-year mark.

A VAIN SEARCH.

DIOGENES was looking for an honest man.

"I want one who will tell a summer girl he is a ribbon clerk," he explained.

Herewith, none wondered at his failure.

TWINS.

Little son—"Pa, what makes Willie and me twins?"
Father—"You're both the same age."
Little son—"So are you and mamma; are you twins?"

AN AUTOMOBILE TERM.
"A spark plug."

JUDGE'S FAVORITE.

MADEMOISELLE DAZIE, IN HER NEW PANTOMIME DANCE, "L'AMOUR DE L'ARTIST."

Woman a riddle? No! that 's merely wit.
That she 's a mystery we will not admit,
For on looking at you the answer we guess—
She 's all that is lovely in face and dress!

FEATURES FOR FIELD DAYS.

A RACE for eyes that "swim in tears."

A Marathon for "running noses."

A contest for words that "carry weight."

An apple-drying contest for glances that "wither."

A rock-crushing contest for hearts that "break."

A scorching contest for loves that "burn."

A diving contest for heads that "sink."

A high jump for hopes that "spring eternal."

A slow race for steps that "lag."

A truth-telling contest for figures that "do not lie."

VANCE C. CRISS.

A TACTFUL POLITICIAN.

Knicker—"Does he mend his fences?"

Bocker—"Yes; but leaves the knot-holes."

ONLY a fool angler tries for the fish that float on the surface.

TWO ON THE JOB.

Teacher—"You got well tanned this summer, I see."
Johnny—"You 're right, I did. Between dad and the sun I 'm pretty near leather."

HANDY HINTS ON HOME DECORATING.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. BANGSTER.

BE ORIGINAL. Do not stick to the old rut. Do something new. In painting baseboards, casings, moldings, and sills, do not limit your painting to the sills, but allow the paint to run off on to the wall paper occasionally. Uninformed callers will not suspect but what the paper is a newly imported foreign creation. When painting the ceiling, allow the paint to drip down on the carpet. This gives your Brussels a novel appearance, and casual visitors will take the unconventional design to be your family crest, coat of arms, or, at least, your monogram.

When you are about half through the job and have partially painted everything in the house, including yourself, the baby, and the bull pup, and are thoroughly discouraged, telegraph your mother-in-law to come to town on a visit. She will, no doubt, be able and willing to offer helpful suggestions and criticisms. Put up no "Fresh Paint" signs. Let your friends be surprised.

If a soap box, sewing machine, rocking chair, or baby carriage is not handy, the best substitute to stand on while painting is a step ladder. The use of a step ladder betrays the novice. One spills less paint while standing on a step ladder than when using a rocking chair or a baby carriage for a pedestal.

You are cautioned against the use of overalls. Instead, as a painting costume, wear your Sunday suit and furnishings. Stray drops and careless splashes of paint on the clothing give the wearer a nifty and altogether exclusive appearance. If several colors of paint are used in the decorating, the effect is all the more startling, and hence more desirable. It is also best to wear new patent-leather shoes while applying the paint. When you will have finished the job, the shoes will have taken on a clever, mottled appearance.

D. K.

FISH BONES FOR FIDO.

It 's a big difference between being stuck *on* a fish diet and being stuck *with* it!

WANTED HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

"It 's an outrage, thet 's what it is! The doc. charged me thirty-seven dollars fer the operation, an' only made a cut an inch long!"

OH, YOU SUMMER BOARDERS!

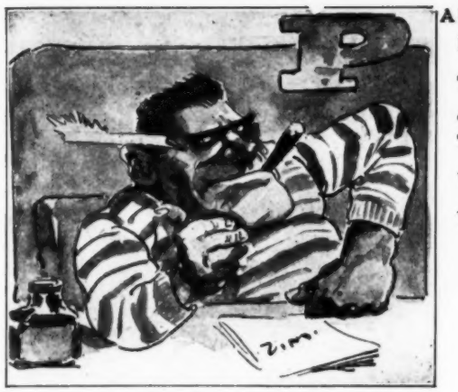
WE'VE taken in summer boarders,
And we're makin' 'em feel t' hum
We're showin' 'em every kindness,
And chargin' it up, by gum!

A RIVAL IN THE FIELD.

"WHAT have you done with your talking machine?"

"My wife got jealous of its ability and made me get rid of it!"

FOR WOMEN that can't keep a cent in their pockets, it's remarkable how much money they can put on their backs.



"LETTERS HOME."

AL JACK.

HERE I sit in a Sing Sing cell,
Although I can't sing a note.
The living here is grand and swell,
That surely is no joke.
The suit I wear it fits me fine,
The grub is good, but you get no wine.
Would I like to stay here all the time?
Yes,
I
would
NOT!
Bill.

AT THE CHURCH FAIR.

He—"How much for a kiss?"
She—"Samples are free."

FOR THE PESSIMIST.

If on earth, all things are not to your taste,
If nothing seems done on the square,
An aeroplane buy, in all possible haste,
And then you can take to the air.

SPECIFIC DIRECTIONS.

THE MESSAGE was transmitted to the "cub" telegrapher. As written, it read: "Foundation under freight house needs attention at once." As delivered to the general foreman the dispatch contained a rather startling bit of information. It read: "Found a lion under freight house. Needs attention at once."

In reply the following was sent: "Feed lion and notify live-stock agent."

WHEN WOMEN VOTE.

WHEN women vote, we'll fill the slates
With handsome men for candidates;
An idol of the matinée,
A tenor, or musician, say,
Or any long-haired male of note
Will make a hit, when women vote.

NEVER trade horses with a man who cheats himself while playing solitaire.

A LONG DROP.

Foreman—"Hello! Where did you come from?"

Workman—"Shure, an' Oi come from th' West of Oireland, yer honor."

A PREDICAMENT.

IT WAS an odd predicament that Ben Thayer and Lucy Moore found themselves in the other day. They are deaf mutes, and, at the critical moment, they clasped each other's hands, so that he couldn't ask her to marry him, and she was unable to reply if he had.

ADS FROM THE *ANARCHY DAILY STAR.*

HANDSOME YOUNG ANARCHIST, twenty-two years of age, Karl Marx hair, would correspond with young lady anarchically inclined. No daughter of capitalist or police captain need write. Box X, Anarchy Star. e.o.d.

WANTED—This office will employ able young man skilled in the writing of libel. Must have good vocabulary of bad adjectives. Apply to editor in person. t.f.

FOR SALE—Capital stock in prominent manufacturing concern. Owner, having acquired interest in parlor socialism, must retire. Box 322, Star. t.2.

FOR EXCHANGE—Ten bombs in good condition. Answer quick. They may go off any minute. A. B., Box 9, care Star. m.w.f.

UP TO DATE.

"Si Harkins, yer gittin' ready fer the caunty 'sylum. Who ever hearn tell uv a scarecrow up in a apple tree?"
"Gittin' foolish, am I? Wa-al, I just ain't; but I 'm gittin' sick uv hevin' these airship joy-riders helpin' theirselves ter free lunch offa my trees, so I rigged up that figger t' scare 'em off."

THE FUTURE MAN.

ON THE WATER WAGON.

(With apologies to Eugene Field.)

I ONCE knew each and every drink
That nestled in the barkeep's lair,
From deepest green to brightest pink,
And sparkling wines of vintage rare.

I knew just how to choose, and when;
What mix would set my heart aglow.
Oh, I was very knowing then,
And that not very long ago.

I knew the best place on Broadway,
Where fizz and cocktail could be found;
I knew that just across the way
The mint in juleps did abound.
I knew the spot—Gambrinus Hall—
Where beer in rivers used to flow;
At every one I'd make a call,
And that not very long ago.

And pining for those joyous days,
I close my eyes and think
Of all the merry minstrel lays
I sang whene'er I'd drink;
But now my vocal cords are dry,
No music do they know,
And for a harmless fizz I sigh,
Of long, *so* very long ago.

Oh, why did I resolve to perch
Upon the water-wagon seat?
It's insecure, and oft I lurch
Whene'er I hear the words,
"I'll treat."
I hate this vichy, milk, and sop,
But I will have you know,
I will not from this wagon flop,
Tho' I long for long ago.

BERGH. HARDEN.

AS SHE UNDERSTANDS IT.

"'Tis a shtrange way they do hov ov doin' bizniss in thot shtore. Here Oi am wid a appetite fer some oice-cream on a Thoorsday, an' ividently they don't sell th' shtoof till Sunday."

A DISAGREEABLE RECEPTION.

Weary Wiggles—"I don't like the reception I got at that house."

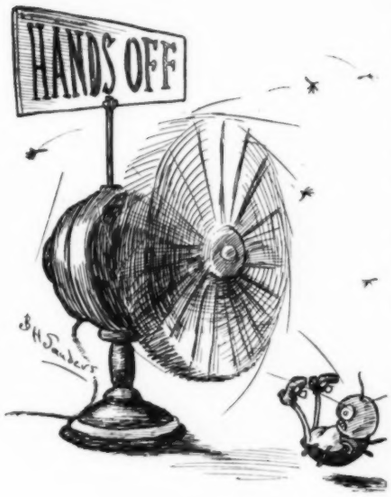
Bleating Harry—"Who came to the door?"

Weary Wiggles—"The dog."

THE LATEST THING IN SUMMER RESORTS.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

Old mammy—"Hey, yo', Jeff'son! Ah giv' yo' money fo' three mellins. Now whar is dey?"
Jefferson—"Thah only way Ah could carry three mellins was one undah each ahm and thah other inside uv me."



A TRUTHFUL SIGN.

Bug—"Well, I should say so! And it almost took my head off in the bargain!"

THE SAW APPLIED.

CHAUFFEUR, when you crack a pate,
Stop not to investigate.
He who kills and runs away
Lives to kill another day.

THE AIM OF A WOMAN.

THE police records show that some women, who can't hit the side of a barn with a stone, have remarkable aim with a flatiron.

THE JOY-RIDER.

MARY had a little car,
'Twas painted white as snow,
And everywhere the chauffeur went
The car was sure to go.

ONE objection to hammocks is that they keep a great many young persons out late nights.

EXTREMES MEET.

NOTES FROM THE BASSWOOD *BUGLE*.

PETE TIBBITTS is hoppin' mad. He sold twelve dozen stale eggs down to the store and they gave him a counterfeit two-dollar bill for 'em.

Some joker dropped a half peck of dried apples in the water cooler at the Basswood huttel, and the explosion, which could be heard several blocks, knocked all the plasterin' off the ceilin' and ruined a fine oil paintin' of the Burlington Route.

They are advertisin' a green horse race for our county fair. Huh! Who ever see a green horse?

It was rumored that there was goin' to be a bridge whist party in this town last week. Constable Lute Bibbs had all the bridges watched, but the culprits were not ketched.

When our station agent wants to go fishin', he greases the track with soft soap so the train can't stop.

The land is so all-fired hard in this vicinity that the farmers have to club in every spring and hire an expert safe cracker to come up from New York and do the drillin', so they can plant the seed.

The proprietor of our thirst garage stole a bunch of cherries off his wife's hat to serve in cocktails. He says the prohibition wave is so threatenin' that he dassent invest in a bottle of real ones.

They have put a windmill on the Hard Shell meetin' house to run the pipe organ. Pastor Hanks will furnish the wind.

Jim Binks stole the sheet-iron thunderstorm from the opry house to put a patch on the b'iler down at his saw mill, and the drama has had quite a setback in our midst.

A stranger who jumped his board bill at the local huttel was arrested, but says he hopes to git a change of menu.

Mrs. Bill Whipple has saved up enough soap wrappers to git a library table, and hopes, in seventy-five years or so, to save up enough more to git the library.

The last time Deacon Renfrew was in New York he went to see "The Lion and the Mouse," but says he got stung bad as he thought it was an animile show.

Ame Hilliker promised his wife he would never take another glass of whiskey, and now goes around with a tin cup in his pocket.

Deacon Renfrew has hired the Basswood Corners Silver Cornet Band to play at his funeral. The deacon ain't dead yet, but he wants the band to play so that he won't be able to hear it, which will be one great satisfaction in bein' dead.

Hank Purdy has busted two strings on his fiddle, and all the cats in this neighborhood have took to the tall timber.

Rev. Hanks, who has been pinched three times down in New York for tryin' to pass counterfeit money, has warned the congregation to be careful what they drop into the contribution plate.

Lafe Smith has been heard from at Oskaloosa, Ia., after disappearin' mysteriously. He didn't expect to go that far, but they sealed up his car after he got in.

Si Huggins is back in our midst from the west, and folks never expected to see him again. He was about given up for dead, but the rope broke.

Grandpa Purdy sent to a mail-order house for a set of false teeth, and when they arrived they didn't fit. Grandpa threatens to sue for damages as he expected to eat quite a consid'ble green corn this season.

ROY K. MOULTON.

A WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

Hubbie (an enthusiastic fan)—"In the midst of an exciting ball game to-day it began to rain so hard that the management was forced to issue rain checks."

Wifie—"Pshaw! as if the issuing of those little tickets could check the rain."

A CHEF-D'OEUVRE.

I WROTE a tale how a hero died.
Said my editor friend with a laugh,
"Boil it down!" I have boiled it down, and now
It has sold as an ep.taph.

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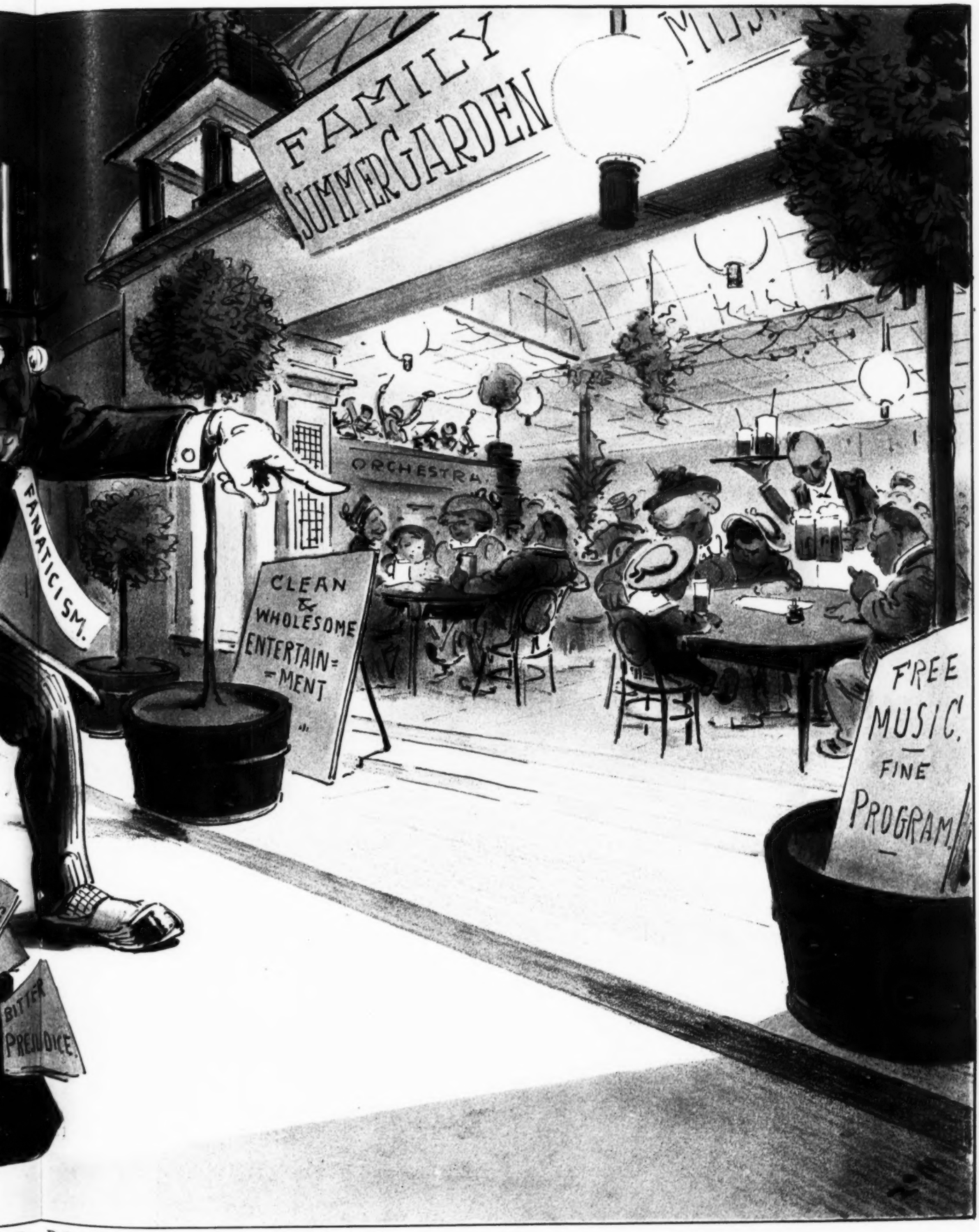

FAMILY
SUMMER GARDEN
ORCHESTRA
FANATICISM.
CLEAN & WHOLESOME ENTERTAIN= =MENT
FREE MUSIC. FINE PROGRAM
BITTER PREJUDICE.

THE FAITHFUL FOUR.

FEENY, Sweeney, Mooney, an' Mack,
They all are fri'nds av moine;
In frolic or foight they 're at me back,
Extendin' support all th' toime.
So phwat care Oi fer the tariff bill,
As long as th' fri'ndship Oi have
Av four av the sherappiest "Micks that will,"
Feeny, Sweeney, Mooney, an' Mack.

BAD SIGN.

Mrs. Fallow—"John writes that he had two examinations yesterday."

Hiram Fallow—"Then I guess I better put on my Sunday clothes and take the afternoon train out there. The first thing we know, them fool college doctors will be operating on him."

MANY a father has so hammered at his son that the boy has gone out into the world to hang his hat on a new nail.

REFLECTIONS OF UNCLE EZRA.

OUR milliner is usin' a hoss collar for a rat at this writin'.

No person can see a bald-headed galoot makin' a monkey of himself around a stage door without bein' convinced that Darwin was almost right, after all.

The Africans call Roosevelt the portly master. I wonder what they would call Taft.

Reginald Hickey, our actor, is takin' on flesh quite rapid, and hopes to be able to play heavy parts soon. Up to now he has been a light comedian, weighin' only one hundred and thirty-three pounds.

A vaudeville act is a good deal like a meerschaum pipe. It ain't no good unless it draws well.

It is a wise lad who can take eight of his sister's cookin' school doughnuts and make a pair of roller skates out of 'em.

An actress gets a chance to see a good deal of the country, and just now, in the musical-comical shows, the country gets a chance to see a good deal of the actress.

There is one thing I hate to see more than a woman splittin' wood, and that is a man trimmin' hats.

We have heerd a good deal about them Latin quarters in Paris, but there ain't any of 'em in circulation around here yet.

About the only thing the pure-food fellers ain't made us do is to boil the ice. R. K. M.

WOMEN with unshapely ankles are the only ones who have no trouble keeping their shoe-strings tied.

ANOTHER TRUST OUTRAGE.

Pop Applegate—"Yessir, them airships kin fly wonderful. Why, they 're perfectin' 'em so thet birds ain't in it. They 've got birds skinned to death."

Hi Leghorn—"Durn them plutocrats! I know what they 're after. They 'll git 'em so perfect thet they 'll lay eggs, an' then where will us poor farmers with little hens' eggs be!"

CASABIANCA UP TO DATE.

THE BOY stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
For he was wise, a "C. Q. D."
Saved him when all were dead.

LOTS OF THAT KIND.

"WHAT kind of a fellow is he?"
"He's a near-Christian on Sundays."

WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

ME AND Sal'll be rich some day;
We're a reg'lar pair o' hoarders.
While th' sun is shinin' we're makin' hay
Outen th' summer boarders.

IN THE OFFICE OF A YELLOW JOURNAL.

"WHAT do you want to-day?"
"Any old kind of an inhuman-interest story."

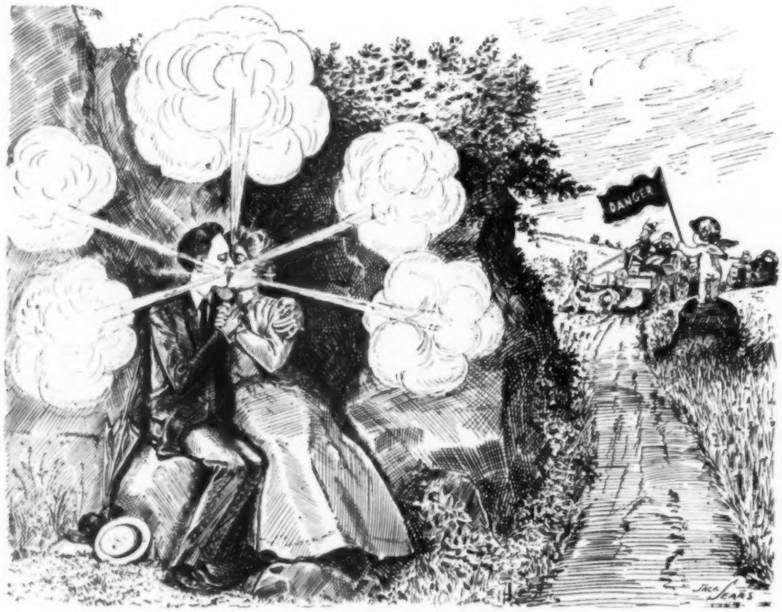
NONSENSE.

NONSENSE is often welcome,
Whether in sign or speech or song;
And, too, a good rule to go by
Is a straight stick one foot long.

SITTING ON HIM.

Benham—"In every sense of the word"——

Mrs. Benham—"There isn't any sense in your words."



THE BLAST.

WELL NAMED.

Fair She—"Why do they always speak of ships as being of the feminine gender?"

Cruel He—"Because their riggin' always costs so much."

A CRUEL JOKE.

Miss Daisy Dimple found a love-letter that her father had written to her mother in the halcyon days of their courtship.

Daisy read the letter to her mother, substituting her own name and that of her sweetheart.

Daisy's mother raved with anger and stamped her foot in disgust, and forbade her daughter to have anything to do with a man who would write "such nonsensical stuff to a girl."

Daisy then gave the letter to her mother to read.

The house became so suddenly quiet that she could hear the flies walking across the ceiling.

IT WORKS.

THE LABORER EATS FOOD THAT WOULD WRECK AN OFFICE MAN.

Men who are actively engaged at hard work can sometimes eat food that would wreck a man who is more closely confined.

This is illustrated in the following story:

"I was for 12 years clerk in a store, working actively, and drank coffee all the time without much trouble until after I entered the telegraph service.

"There I got very little exercise, and, drinking strong coffee, my nerves grew unsteady and my stomach got weak and I was soon a very sick man. I quit meat and tobacco, and in fact, I stopped eating everything which I thought might affect me, except coffee; but still my condition grew worse, and I was all but a wreck.

"I finally quit coffee and commenced to use Postum a few years ago, and I am speaking the truth when I say my condition commenced to improve immediately, and to-day I am well and can eat anything I want without any bad effects, all due to shifting from coffee to Postum.

"I told my wife to-day I believed I could digest a brick if I had a cup of Postum to go with it.

"We make it according to directions, boiling it full 20 minutes, and use good rich cream, and it is certainly delicious."

Look in packages for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE SATURDAY JUNKETS.

AWAY, away! to the dark blue sea,
The Saturday train is bound down;
For twenty some hours our minds will be free,
Away from the oven called town.
For we are the men, the poor married men,
Whose families are far away;
We've labored and baked six hours to ten,
And at last it is Saturday.
So off we will go
Where the brine breezes blow;
By the surf's white crest
We will rest, yes, rest—
And only the Sabbath to stay!

Back again, back, to the old torrid town,
The Monday express is just in;
Restless and weary our tongues are dark brown,
Our pocketbooks empty and thin.
For we are the men, the poor married men,
Who just had one Sabbath to stay;
A fresh breath of air, a sea dip and then—
Straight back to the town right away.
But what can one do
By the ocean so blue
In just one day?
What can't one do? Say!
Down by the sea in just one day!

VICTOR A. HERMANN.

A WISE CHOICE.

Mrs. Henpeck—"Do you know that Mrs. Johnstone has just been elected secretary of the Martha Washington Sewing Circle?"

Mr. Henpeck—"She ought to be a good one, she was such an expert stenographer before she got married."

Evans' Ale

¶ To attain the goal of perfection has been the aim of the world's brewmasters for centuries. The EVANS product shows the culmination and fulfillment of that eagerly sought achievement—*perfect Ale.*

THE COMMERCIAL AGE.

WHEN gifted Sappho loved and sung
In ages long ago,
There was no "Jones's Complexion Cream,"
Nor brows like drifted snow.

When winds and sun burned Sappho's cheeks,
As oft was her sad lot,
No "Jones's Cream" could then be had
To soothe the roughened spot.

'Tis plain that Sappho's fate was hard,
Her lot was tough, indeed,
With no such boon as "Jones's Cream"
To meet her daily need.

She lived and loved and sung, alas,
This peerless maid, too soon!
Were she alive to-day, no doubt
She'd chant another tune.

Ah, yes, if she came back to earth,
No more of love she'd sing—
But with pæans to "Jones's Cream"
She'd make the welkin ring!

WILL S. GIDLEY.

A HAND TO WIN.

Charley Baskum was slyly holding, under the table, the hand of the winsome miss on his right, when his partner bridged.

"Well," he ventured, "I am holding a heart hand, but I'm in doubt."

"You know the rules of the game," suggested the miss. "Nothing risked, nothing won."

"ORNATUS ET BONITAS"
EXTRA QUALITY
DUNLAP & Co.
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Celebrated Hats
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Accredited Agencies in All Principal Cities of the World

Reflected Humor

BASEBALL FATALITIES.

A baseball enthusiast took his wife to the ball game. That night the "fan" was awakened from his slumber by his better half shouting in her dreams, "Kill the umpire! Kill the umpire!" Half asleep he sprang out of bed, and in doing so knocked over the washstand.

The crash awoke Mrs. "Fan." "Did you kill the umpire, John?" she inquired.

"No," replied John angrily. "But I smashed the pitcher."—*Success.*

HOW THEY MANAGED IT.

"Do you sell postage stamps here, young man?" queried the old lady.

"No, ma'am," answered the junior drug clerk. "We just give 'em away at cost."—*Chicago News.*

THE REASON.

Here lies a man who made a great
Success in life;
A rich man's daughter, I may state,
Became his wife.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

CAUSE OF THE DISCHARGE.

Mrs. Chinnon—"Tell Marie I want her to come up and take my hair down."

Rose (the new maid)—"Can't I take it down to her, ma'am?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

NOT ADVERTISED.

Bacon—"Sunshine is a great medicine."

Egbert—"Yes, I know; but a man doesn't get his picture in the paper for taking that particular kind."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

APPEARANCES ARE DECEIVING.

Be careful on a holiday not to take a boat with a name like this. The simplest movement—such as the changing of seats—is liable to misconstruction.
—*London Punch.*

'NO WEDDING BELLS FOR HIM.'

A prominent rabbi of Pittbsurgh met recently at a dinner a priest, whom he had known intimately years before. During the meal the conversation took a bantering turn, and the father, turning to the rabbi, inquired, "My friend, when are you going to begin eating pork?" Instantly the rabbi replied, "At your wedding, sir."—*Success.*

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in sweetened water is a great aid to digestion.

MISINTERPRETED.

The boss entered the office, his face clouded, his brow wrinkled in angry thought. He called the office-boy. Regarding the youth sternly, he said,

"Johnny, do you smoke cigarettes?"

"I d-d-do a l-l-little, sir," stammered Johnny, paling beneath the tan of the baseball field.

The boss fixed him with his eagle eye.

"Then gimme one," he said. "I left mine on the bureau."—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

VICTORIOUS EVEN UNTO DEATH.

As most of us know, P. T. Barnum died but a few months after his competitor in the "show" business, Adam Forepaugh.

Wnen Barnum arrived at the pearly gates he was welcomed by Forepaugh, who exclaimed exultingly, "Well, Pete, I got ahead of you *this* time!"

P. T. did not answer, but smiled as he pointed to a large bill posted near the main entrance. It read:

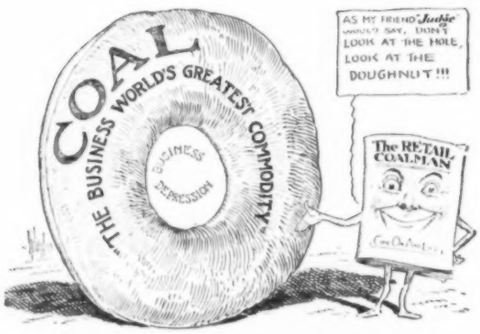
"Wait for Barnum—coming soon."—*Success.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

"Just think, the baby weighs only six pounds."

"That is because you had the junk buyer weigh it on his scales. Just wait until the ice man comes along and ask him. You will discover then that the baby is a monster, weighing twenty-five pounds at the very least."—*Ex.*



THAT DOUGHNUT CARTOON AGAIN.
—*From The Retail Coalman.*

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM.

FIVE CENTS THE OUNCE AND IN 5¢, 10¢ AND 25¢ PACKETS

Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

JUST RIGHT AFTER DINNER
Try Them! If you can't buy **Chiclets** in your neighborhood send us ten cents for a sample packet. Any jobber will supply storekeepers with **Chiclets.**
FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, Inc.
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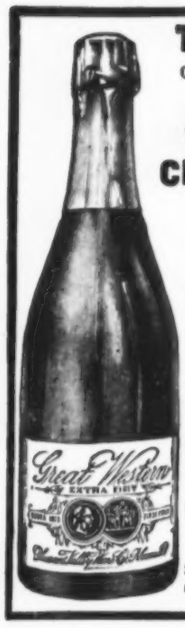

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Can be told about
Great Western Champagne
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There is nothing to conceal in its production. It is Pure Grape Juice, fermented and aged to exact perfection for healthfulness, possessing the bouquet and flavor that connoisseurs desire.

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TOILET POWDER
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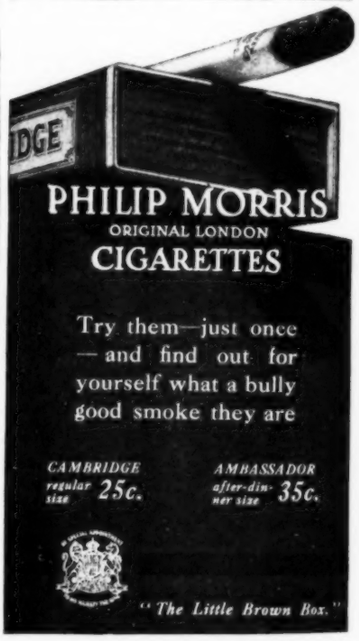
Insist that your barber use Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the skin diseases often contracted. A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. *Sample free.*
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

In Winter
IT'S A COLD
In Summer
IT'S BOWEL COMPLAINT

Be good to your poor old stomach these hot days and restless nights. Don't ask it to assimilate raw, rank, nondescript whiskies. Give it good pure, gentle old

I.W. HARPER
FIRST AID TO DIGESTION

Next to having a rich relative a man is proudest of knowing a big politician of bad reputation.—*N. Y. Press.*



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CAMBRIDGE regular size 25c.
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JUDGE'S PRIZE PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST

Open to all, whether subscribers to JUDGE or not. There is no charge or consideration of any kind other than your ability to work out the six names and to write the very brief article mentioned.

Each of the first five pictures represents some well-known fish. The sixth picture represents some product advertised in this issue of JUDGE. Can you name the five fishes and tell us what the product is? If so, write these six names down and send them to us with a little article—not over two hundred words—about the things you like best in this issue of JUDGE. For your skill in solving the puzzles and in writing the article JUDGE will send $5 for the best reply received at this office before October 1st, 1909. To those sending the next five best replies with correct or nearest correct solutions $1 each will be paid. To those sending the next twenty best replies as above, a copy of James Montgomery Flagg's picture, "The Third Degree," will be sent free. To those who send in the next best twenty replies as above, a copy of George Reiter Brill's picture, "Don't You Hurt My Doggy," will be given.

The award of prizes in the Bird Contest was published in the issue of JUDGE for August 28th.

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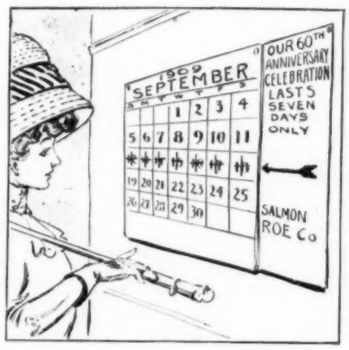

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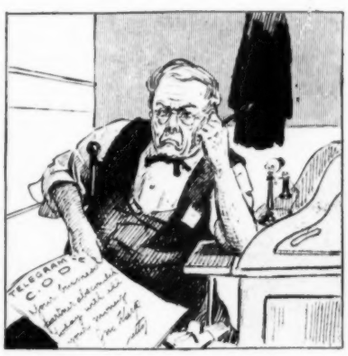

5 .....

3 .....

6 .....

Send your reply to Puzzle Editor, Fish Contest

JUDGE

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

The Multiplication of Power

There is no higher efficiency in the world than that of the American business man.

The multiplication of *power* in a business man—if he has the ability within him—depends upon the *increased number* of people whom he can, *by personal contact,* interest in his purposes.

He does this by telephone, and the multiplication of *the telephone's* usefulness depends on the *increased number* of persons whom he can reach.

In 1890 the Bell System had 200,000 subscribers' telephones in use. As late as 1899—ten years ago—it had only 500,000.

To-day it has 4,400,000—one for every twenty persons in this country—and is increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year.

Has the vast development of industries since 1890—the greatest period of advance in the world's history—*when America has advanced faster than all the rest of the world,* been the force that has built up this great, unified, efficient telephone service; or

Has the increased ability of the American business man to bring people to him from every locality, far and near, *over the Bell Telephone System,* been the cause of the multiplication of his power and his principality?

Whichever the cause and whichever the effect, the advancement of one is inseparably linked with the advancement of the other.

The business man's Bell Telephone, with its long distance and emergency advantages, is his most precious asset next to his capital itself.

The Bell Long Distance Telephone means as much to the home as it does to the office. It is the most marvelous convenience of modern times—if not all time—added to home life.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies

Every Bell Telephone Is a Long Distance Station

More or Less Pungent

SINGING LESSONS.

Mrs. Bilkins—"Do you think it is worth while for my daughter to go on taking singing lessons? She has been at it for five years, and cannot sing yet."

Professor von Note—"Dit you expect her to learn to zing? She vill neffer zing in zee vide vorld."

Mrs. Bilkins—"Then why didn't you say so long ago?"

Professor von Note—"I thought you merely vanted to strengthen her lungs."—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

BRYAN'S TRIBUTE.

There was a wild African gnu
Who was feeling gexceedingly gblu.
"If Teddy spots me
And gshoots off my g,"
He observed, "what the gdeuce shall I gdu?"
—*W. J. Bryan's Commoner.*

BAD REPUTATION.

Fuss—"Did you ever hear Gadby say anything particular about me?"

Russ—"No; he never was very particular what he said about you."—*London Answers.*

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SINTON
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European Plan. 400 Rooms.
Fireproof Construction.
Cuisine the Best.

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LIQUID PISTOL

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H. Hirschauer.

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Shears and Paste Pot

A NAVAL CHANGE.

The Navy Department recently received from the commander-in-chief of the fleet an official communication relative to certain changes recommended to him to be made in the uniform shirt of the enlisted men. In accordance with custom, this letter was forwarded to various officials for comment or expression of opinion, the remarks of each officer being appended on an indorsement slip. Each indorsement introduces the subject matter of the letter in brief, and one of them thus tersely explained the contents, "Commander-in-chief desires to change shirt."—*Philadelphia Record.*

NO MARKET.

Cholly—"Doctor, I want something for my head."

Dr. Gruffly—"My dear fellow, I wouldn't take it for a gift."—*Universalist Leader.*

A FEW OF "EVERYBODY'S" CHESTNUTS.

A chocolate darky and his "yaller" girl were walking along together.

"I's skeered mos' to def, 'Rastus."

"What am yo' skeered ob, woman?"

"I's skeered yo's gwine to kiss me."

"How kin I kiss yo' when I's got a bucket on ma haid, a wash pot in one han' an' a turkey gobbler in de udder?"

"Oh, well, yo' fool, I wuz thinkin' yo' could set de bucket ob watah on de groun', put de turkey down an' turn de wash pot ovah him, den set me on de wash pot, frow yo' ahms around me an' des hep yo'se'f."

Willie's grandmother had come to visit them.

"Are you mamma's mother?" asked Willie by way of conversation.

"No, dear. I'm your grandmother on your father's side."

"Well," said Willie decidedly (he was an observing little fellow), "all I got to say is you're on the wrong side."

A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

Mother (in the tube)—"Stop fidgeting, 'Orace, or you sha'n't look out of the window."—*London Punch.*

THE REASON WHY.

O'Shea—"'Tis sthrange we never hear any more about that famous Fillypino, Aggynaldo. I wonder what become iv him?"

Mulcahy—"I'll bet ye they ilicted him vice-president iv th' Fillypines!"—*Illustrated Sunday Magazine.*

A few dashes of Abbott's Bitters on sliced oranges makes a delectable dish.

ALL THE NEWS.

"The only news I have to tell you," wrote the Billville citizen, "is that the river has riz an' drowned all yer cattle, an' yer uncle has broke jail; likewise the widder woman you wuz a-goin' ter marry has runned off with a book agent. Outside of these here things, we air all doin' well."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

SHE LOST OUT.

"I'd rather waltz than eat," confided the summer girl.

"Then we'll have another dance instead of going to that fashionable restaurant, remarked the thrifty swain. "And," he added mentally, "that's six dollars saved."—*Kansas City Journal.*

A professor at a well-known engineering college says that but for occasional innovations in the application of learning, such as the following, he would find it hard to judge the extent of his usefulness.

This question was asked upon an examination paper: "What steps would you take in determining the height of a building, using an aneroid barometer?"

The answer was: "I would lower the barometer by a string and measure the string."

"George," said the Titian-haired school marm, "is there any connecting link between the animal kingdom and the vegetable kingdom?"

"Yeth, ma'am," answered George promptly. "Hash."

A conductor and a brakeman on a Montana railroad differ as to the proper pronunciation of the name Eurelia.

Passengers are often startled upon arrival at this station to hear the conductor yell,

"You're a liar! You're a liar!"

And then from the brakeman at the other end of the car,

"You really are! You really are!"

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Sunny Brook THE PURE FOOD Whiskey

is all natural whiskey, distilled and aged in the good old Kentucky way. Age, Proof and Quantity attested by the Government "Green Stamp" which seals every bottle. Ask for it

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Sis Hopkins
HER OWN BOOK
September Number
10c — AT ALL NEWSSTANDS — 10c

"Made in Germany"

"AIR CASTLES."

Weary pilgrim—"Ah! The dome of St. Peter's, at Rome, at last rises——

——to greet me."

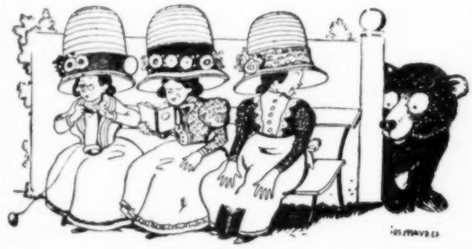
—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

CONSOLATION.

Housemaid—"Don't take on so, madam! The baby could not have been stolen, and it could not have gotten out of the house. When it awakes, it will make itself known by its cries and then we can find it."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

THE MISTAKEN BEEHIVES.

1



2.

—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

"Katrina, don't wait to put your hat and coat on. Can't you see poor Fido is in a hurry to get out? These servants are so stupid. They never know anything."—*Simplicissimus.*

WORTH GOING TO JAIL FOR.

Judge (at the close of a trial)—"Prisoner, you may have the last word."

Prisoner (turning to his wife in the audience)—"Do you hear that, old lady?"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

Fat man—"What! Are you going to let this small boy shave me?"

Barber—"Let the boy have his fun for once. It is his birthday, sir."

—*Fliegende Blaetter*

"THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

Diner (to innkeeper's wife)—"What Schiller is in poetry and Raphael in painting, so are you in pancake-making."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

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Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. City.

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"THE THIRD DEGREE"

WHEN JOHN PRODUCES HIS FIANCEE

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A QUESTION OF READING.

Navvy—"Couldn't yer see the notice, 'Road Closed'?"

Motorist—"Yes! confound you, and it's wide open."—*London Punch.*

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A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 29 years.

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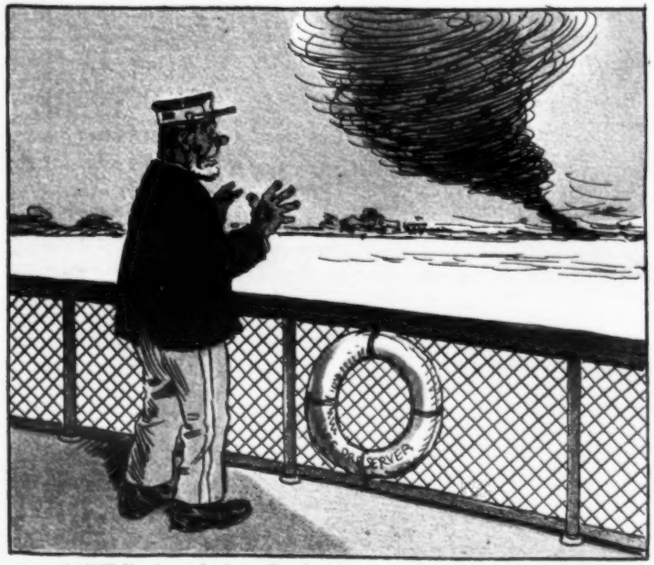
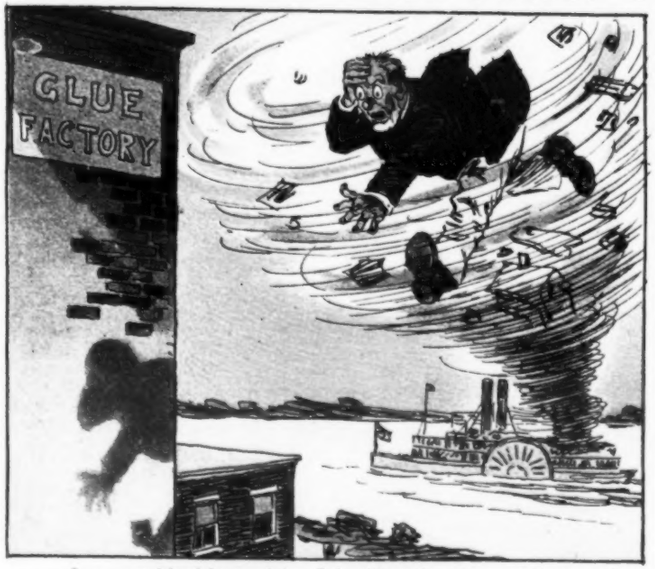
Judge

THE YARNS OF CAPTAIN FIBB



1. "Talk about luck! The luckiest thing I ever had happen to me wuz oncet when I wuz captain of a Mississippi steamboat. I wuz a-standin' on the deck when along comes a big cyclone ——



2. —— and it picks me right off the ship and carries me ashore smack inter a glue factory! ——

3. —— Bing! I went clean through that glue factory and came out on t'other side covered with glue.——

4. —— Then I goes a-kitin' right on, feelin' kinder sticky like, until I comes to the National Bank, and I goes slap right through the winder.——

5. —— And frazzle me tarpaulins, boys, when I came out on the other side of that bank I had money stickin' all over me—bales of it! ——

6. —— Well, lambaste me fer a lubber if that cyclone didn't drop me plumb at me own door in Indiany, right at the feet of me wife and children! Yep, it 's an ill wind that don't blow somebody some good."

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